

# THE LIGUORIAN

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## The Faithless Heart

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Down by the brook, where the lilies ride  
Like tiny ships on the evening-tide;  
    There, where the blue-bell lifts its head,  
    As o'er the meadows its perfumes spread;  
There, where I heard the tingling note,  
Like a golden chord, from the thrush's throat;  
    There, mid the proofs of His boundless love,  
    I learned to love the God above.

And all these things He meant for me?  
The earth, the skies, the bounding sea,  
    The plants, the stars, the waters spread?  
    In all these gifts His love I read.  
I heard His voice in the evening-breeze,  
As it sighed like a sylph amongst the trees.  
    And I told Him then, in a lisping tone,  
    My heart was His and His alone.

And now—at the close of Life's dull day,  
When all my love is fled away;  
    When Death is come and I must go  
    To Him I loved in the long-ago;—  
What will He say to my faithless heart,  
The heart I vowed would never part  
    From Him I loved when through the trees  
    His gentle voice was the evening breeze?

—J. Coll, C. Ss. R.

## FATHER TIM CASEY

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"Who is that woman that sat in the third pew on the Gospel side during your Mass this morning, Father Tim?" asked Father Costello, a visiting priest, as he took a sip of Mary-Anne's excellent breakfast coffee.

"Ellen Moore, a pious old maid," replied Father Casey.

"A pious old maid! God help her!" ejaculated Father Costello.

"What do you mean, 'God help her'? There is nothing to be ashamed of in that."

"Oh, not in the fact, but in the name."

"Nor in the name either!" cried Father Casey. "'Pious' means that one is taking the service of God and the salvation of one's soul in genuine earnest—that one has the courage of one's convictions—does not profess one thing and practice the contrary. Therefore the name, 'Pious' is a noble name which every sensible and honest man or woman should strive after and glory in. 'Maid' means virgin—one of the noblest titles of a Christian woman. 'Old Maid' means one who has preserved her virginity, not merely during the few years of early womanhood while she was looking for a husband, but through all the vicissitudes and temptations of youth and early life."

Father Costello took a special delight in drawing out his talkative host, accordingly he ventured another statement.

"I admit that the name, taken according to its strict etymology, has a beautiful signification, yet, Father Tim, you cannot deny that many people count it a term of reproach."

"Many people have counted the name, 'Catholic,' or even, 'Christian,' a term of reproach. Are they a whit less honorable for all that?"

"Who is this pious old maid?" queried Father Costello.

"She is St. Mary's model of the third state of life," said Father Casey.

Father Costello knew that more was coming. He waited.

"You know," continued Father Casey after a pause, "I hold that a live, healthy parish should possess at least one model of every state and every condition of life—model parents, model young men, model young women, a model rich man, a model poor man, a model sufferer, and so on down the line. Ellen Moore is our model of the third state of life."

"What do you mean by the third state of life? What are the first and second states?"

"The first state is the married state; the second is the religious state, or life in the convent; the third state is single life in the world—as you will remember if you recall what you were taught in the seminary."

"Thank you, Father Tim, that brings us to a question which has been vexing me of late. In the seminary they taught us that the single state in the world is more perfect than the married state. Now, take for instance—you know the people of my parish—the Salle girls. It's pretty clear at this date that they have chosen the single state. They are not rich, but their income provides them a nice snug living. There is not a comfort in the world which they do not enjoy in their elegant little home. They have their bridge parties and their theatres and their novels and all their genteel pleasures. They take a polite interest in religious and charitable work too, but never enough to keep them awake of nights. There is the single state for you! On the other hand, take Mrs. Roach. She has chosen the married state. Her only riches are the ten excellent children she has brought into the world. Sick or well, she is up before daylight every morning of the year. She cooks breakfast, washes and dresses the little ones, hears their prayers, and gets them off to Mass and school. The two older ones she sends to work. She makes the home so bright and pleasant that the children would rather be there than in a moving picture show. How she manages to get through with her work I could never understand, but I know from experience that when there is anything doing for the church or the poor I can depend on her showing twice as much interest as the Salle girls. Now, do you mean to tell me that these two selfish old maids are more perfect than Mrs. Roach?"

"Easy, my boy! You're getting things mixed! The single state is more perfect than the married state. That is very true; we have the words of Our Divine Lord to prove it. But that does not mean that every old maid is more perfect than any married woman. The religious state is more perfect than the state of those living in the world, but neither does that mean that every girl who goes to the convent will invariably have a higher place in heaven than her sister who remains at home to care for an invalid mother."

"Bravo, Father Tim! Your explanation is as clear as crystal. I always had a sneaking suspicion, and now I am convinced, that all these subtle distinctions about the relative perfection of the various

state is—with due respect to our seminary professors—all bunk. Henceforth I am going to preach common sense and tell my people that it makes no difference what state of life you choose—everything depends on how you conduct yourself after you have chosen.”

“Wrong again!” cried Father Casey. “You young men are hopeless—always jumping at conclusions! Why on earth didn’t your professors teach you to think! I see you are no better than the youngsters in my First Communion Class—can’t understand anything unless you see a picture of it. Thank God, I have a living picture of the third state, as Our Lord would wish it, right here in my parish. I was always happy to have such persons to serve as models to my own people—now I see they are invaluable also as object lessons for the young pastors of neighboring parishes. Ellen Moore is my model of the third state. It is a good many years now since she came to me in the parlor one afternoon and said: ‘Father, I want to ask your advice.’ ‘Splendid!’ said I, ‘it is a proof of great good sense to be able to select a skilful adviser.’ ‘Please, Father,’ she said, ‘don’t joke. It is a very serious matter. I want to ask whether I ought to get married. Of course I cannot leave mamma alone in her crippled condition, but she says we could take a double flat and she could live in one part of it and we in the other. So that difficulty would be settled.’ ‘Good, my child!’ cried I. ‘There is no reason in the world why you should not marry. Our next move will be to set to work and look for a man.’ ‘Father Tim, I think you’re mean! You know very well there is a man, otherwise I wouldn’t be consulting you.’ ‘Who is he?’ ‘Raymond Lake—and I didn’t have to look for him either!’ ‘Do you like him?’ ‘Yes, Father, I do.’ Her voice was quiet, but she was blushing something terrible. ‘Congratulations, Ellen!’ I cried, ‘I couldn’t have picked a better man for you myself if you had left the job to me. Of course we’ll have a Solemn High Mass, and the choir—’ ‘But, Father,’ she interrupted. ‘Should I get married? What would be more pleasing to Our Lord?’ Now, what do you think of that from an ordinary girl that grew up right here in old St. Mary’s? What could I do but tell the poor child the truth! ‘Ellen,’ said I, ‘to remain single in order to be more free to serve God and do good to others is more perfect than to get married. That is what Our Lord teaches.’ The good girl was not blushing now; her face, her very lips, were as white as the collar on you. She said: ‘I will do what is more perfect, God helping me.’ Raymond was pretty badly broken up at first after she had given



him her answer. But in the course of time he became reconciled, and now he has a happy little home of his own. Ellen is still living with her invalid mother. Most of our people think she has quite an easy life, but the sick whom she nurses and with whom she sits up night after night, wonder how her strength holds out. She is idolized by the children of the poor because she buys material from her own savings and makes their First Communion dresses and veils, and she always takes care that, even if their daddies are not working, their stockings will not be empty at Christmas. When we have any parish doings, I don't have to look up Ellen Moore. She comes of her own accord to learn my wishes and then goes to work in good earnest. Not that she pushes herself into the forefront and sulks if she is not elected president or secretary of all the parish societies. No indeed! She realizes that the younger girls are more attractive than she and that they are therefore more likely to succeed in selling chances and the like. She leaves that kind of work to them; but she has a quiet way of encouraging them and spurring them on, so that they imagine the success is due to their own initiative while in reality they were only carrying out her plans and suggestions. Best of all she is truly pious. Having no husband or family to worry about, she is able to give her mind to prayer and the practice of the presence of God. I drew up a little Rule of Life or Order of the Day for her, because even the holiest souls are liable to grow lax unless they have a fixed plan for their principal exercises of piety. The plan I gave her is very simple, but I insist on her rendering a strict account of the fidelity with which she observes it. Rising at five-thirty; Meditation during Mass; a quarter-of-an hour's Thanksgiving after her daily Holy Communion; Visit to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin Mary after dinner; Way of the Cross when time permits; sometime during the afternoon or evening the Rosary and a half-hour's prayerful reading from some solid spiritual book; a Special Virtue for each month towards which she is to direct her principal attention and upon which she is to make her daily particular examination. What pleases me most is the sensible direction which her piety takes. She fully appreciates the motherly kindness of Holy Church in providing for our natural desire for variety and change even in things spiritual. She has her pet devotions and loves to kneel for a brief period before the altar of our Blessed Mother and the shrines of her favorite saints. But I notice that her principal attraction is towards the center and source of all devotion—Jesus

Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament. For every five minutes that she spends before the statue of a saint, she remains an hour before the Tabernacle.

"So there, my lad, you have an object lesson. Whoever chooses the single state in preference to the married state, as Ellen Moore has done, in order to be able to serve God and the neighbor more devotedly, as Ellen Moore is doing, has chosen a more perfect state and is leading a more perfect life than the married woman. If I could have had any doubts as to her unselfish intention, these doubts would have been dispelled by an act of rare heroism which she performed."

"What was that?" inquired Father Costello.

"She voluntarily resigned from membership in the Young Ladies' Sodality on her twenty-ninth birthday," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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## MOTHER

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Why does the word mother, the sweetest to the human heart, call forth so much eloquence? Because *Mother is everything to everybody and everybody is everything to her.*

The true mother treats each family member with an unstinted personal love. Nothing escapes her watchful solicitude; she sees with her heart. Someone said: "There is no life a woman will not live, no death she will not die for her children". Mother's heart is the family's heart and the stage of the family's life.

Who spends weary hours at the infant's bedside? Who is our refuge in schooldays, the mediatrix between the justly incensed father and the repentant child? Who first knows and senses our joys and woes? *Mother*. Who makes home the dearest spot on earth? Who toils there from dawn till night and then sits up with the sick and restless? Who most influences, models and moulds our character, life and destiny? *Mother*, the good Catholic mother, the nearest approach, in love, to Christ's own Mother. With anxiously throbbing heart she follows her children through the pitfalls and temptations of life. She never disowns. She helps, reconciles and soothes. Truly "if heaven may be found at all on earth, it is in the heart of the mother."

Blessed the children of such a mother! If they go astray, and there remain but a single faint spark of love for her, the thought of her will be their eventual conversion.

The Son of God could have become man without a mother, but He would not. This Mother, God's Masterpiece and miraculous combination of virginity and motherhood, is the model for all mothers. Behold here God's esteem for motherhood! And in the Canaanite woman, whose daughter was possessed, behold the power of a mother's love.

The Canaanite, a "Gentile, a Syrophoenician born" (S. Mark, VII, 26) cried aloud to Jesus: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David: my daughter is grievously troubled by a devil"; but He "answered her not a word". The disciples bade Him send her away. The hour to evangelise the Gentiles had not yet come: "I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel". Jesus passed on into a house, but "He could not be hid" (S. Mark, VII, 24). She followed Him. Neither ashamed nor angry at the first refusal, "she came and adored him saying: "Lord, help me". Mark the eloquent simplicity of her request; only a mother could have worded it thus! It is not: "Lord, help my *daughter*", but "help *me*", so deeply had the daughter's misfortune touched her inmost heart. Jesus had healed others without being asked; He had said: "Ask, and you shall receive". His present words, however, are no compliment: "It is not good to take the bread of the children and cast it to the dogs". What an allusion to the difference between the children of Israel and the Gentiles! To an Oriental a dog is something vile and common; to be called thus, a cutting insult. Certainly she must now desist! She a dog? Surely her inborn self-respect revolts! Ah!—but her love for her daughter? This is greater and beyond insult or contempt, and so she bears the implied humiliation: "Yea, Lord; for the whelps also eat under the table of the crumbs that fall from the table of their masters and of their masters' children" (Cf. S. Matt. XV, 27; S. Mark VII, 28). What sublime humility and faith! She is content with the mere crumbs happening to fall from the table, trifles nobody cares aught about. Our Lord, conquered, replies: "O woman, great is thy faith; for this saying of thine go thy way; be it done to thee as thou wilt; the devil is gone out of thy daughter" (Cf. S. Matt. XV, 28; S. Mark VII, 29). "And her daughter was cured from that hour" (S. Matt XV, 28).

How humble, persevering, strong and unselfish is this mother's love, the picture of all true mothers! For her—as previously for His own Mother in regard to the first miracle—Our Lord anticipated His mission. No doubt Jesus hears the prayer of many a mother whose

sons or daughters, walking the path of sin, are "grievously troubled by a devil", especially when it is addressed to Him through His Immaculate Mother. The faithful, unpretentious and self-sacrificing mother, giving her all, particularly her love to her family, and "who of all" as someone expressed it, "needs a vacation most but never gets one," must certainly be heard when pleading for her wayward child.

"And there came to him great multitudes, having with them the dumb, the blind, the lame, the maimed, and many others: and they cast them down at his feet, and he healed them" (S. Matt. XV, 30). This passage of Holy Writ so closely following upon the story of the Canaanite woman, recalls what mother is to us. No man can ever fully repay a mother's love, nor count what she has done for him in troubles, sorrows, difficulty, and defeat: with all confidence he cast these down at her feet, or rather into her heart and left them there, and she healed them. Why? Because, as was said in the beginning, *Mother is everything to everybody and everybody is everything to her.*

PAUL O. BALZER, C. Ss. R.,  
Rome, Italy.

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## PRAYER FOR GROWTH IN DIVINE LOVE

(According to St. Augustine.)

O sweet Jesus, true Son of God and of Mary Immaculate, mayest Thou live in me, yes, live forever in me by the living fire of Thy Divine Love which Thou alone, by Thy Holy Spirit, canst kindle in souls, and which I most earnestly beg Thee to kindle and keep ever kindled on the altar of my heart!

Permit not that I ever extinguish that blessed fire, once Thou hast deigned to kindle it within my soul, but, by Thy powerful efficacious grace, joined, on my part, to an abiding remembrance of Thine infinitely deep and tender love for me, as revealed in *Crib*, on *Cross*, and in *Tabernacle*, enable me to so feed and foster that celestial fire, and so to fan it into flame, that, growing ever stronger, it may penetrate to the innermost recesses of my being,—consume in me all affections that are not centred in Thee,—enlighten my mind to know Thy Divine Will in my regard, and how I can best please and glorify Thee, inflame my will with an ardent desire of proving my love for Thee by an ever greater fidelity in accomplishing Thy most Holy Will,—transform me into a living embodiment of Thy Divine Teachings, and into a living image of Thine own Divine Life and Virtues, and, finally, burst forth into a steady blaze of self-sacrificing zeal for the salvation and sanctification of immortal souls, redeemed by Thy Adorable Precious Blood!

And when at last, O Jesus, my God, Thou callest me hence, to the intuitive Vision of Thyself, may I be found by Thee to have attained to the *perfect love of Thyself*, to a *perfect conformity of my will with Thine*, and to a *close resemblance of my life to Thine own* Who with the father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest, God forever! Amen.

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What maintains one vice will bring up two children.—*Franklin.*

## THE GOD OF CREATION

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"So you want a job, eh? said the brawny boss of Camp No. 2 of the United Lumber Company, as with skilled glance he measured the well knit form of the young man before him. "Did you ever work in the woods before?"

"No, sir," said the youth who seemed to be about twenty-five years of age. His appearance bore out his statement, for the long overcoat and fur hat he wore were far from being the typical costume of a "lumber jack".

"Well, I need men and you look strong. How will two-fifty a day and keep suit you?"

"Perfectly, sir," answered the workseeker.

"Go over to the bunk house there and tell Shannon to fit you out. Then help him till suppertime. Tell him Kearns sent you." And the boss moved off to the woods muttering as he went: "that fellow has a history. There is a look of sadness in his face as though he had lost something and were seeking it".

Such was the introduction to the life of a lumber camp of Tom Elwood, for that was the name he had given the boss. The judgment of Kearns had been echoed by his men. The newcomer was at once put down as a man down in his luck, and the men with rough sympathy tried their best to chase the look of sadness from his face. But in vain. Elwood whilst responding to their kindly advances, with a refinement that at once marked him their intellectual superior, as Kearns had said, seemed to have lost something and to be seeking in vain for it to return. Yet he never inflicted his grief on others. He joined in the sports and jokes of the camp as though there were nothing he enjoyed more, and his laugh rang as hearty as that of the jolliest jack of them all. His evident refinement freed him from the bullying and fighting, which were popularly supposed to be a test of manhood, and so he kept the even tenor of his way for two months, daily gaining in skill and health, but ever with the anxious look upon his brow.

A lumber camp would not be looked upon by the casual observer as a place of religious observance; but Camp No. 2 was somewhat of an exception in this regard. About five miles from the camp lay a little Canadian village, and just outside this village a community of Franciscan friars had their Novitiate. Thence one of the Fathers

came every Sunday to say Mass at the Camp. Kearns and Shannon and many of the men were Catholics, and Kearns was quite zealous in securing attendance at the services. To the query addressed to him the first Sunday after his arrival, "Are you a Catholic?" Elwood had answered:

"I used to be, but I lost the Faith."

And Kearns had gone his way, leaving the newcomer to himself. But the fervent boss said a prayer that Sunday at Mass for his new workman. As for Elwood, on this Sunday and whenever thereafter a priest appeared in camp, he trudged off sullenly to the woods and was seen no more until after the priest had taken his departure.

Yet he was not a priest-hater as events soon proved. As long as Kearns was about, the men of the Camp were orderly and well behaved. The fighting which characterized many of the camps was hardly known in Camp No. 2. True, in the springtime, when the lumber had been floated down to the sawmills, and the men were spending their pay in the gin mills of the lumbering towns, brawls were frequent. The men of Camp No. 2 were no exception to the other lumber jacks in this respect, and many a face bore the terrible scars, acquired by the use of the "corks", as the ironshod boots of the lumbermen were called. For the ethics of the camp and the woods allow the victor, once he has downed his foe in fair fight, to stamp with these boots on the body and even on the face of his vanquished opponent.

Yet Camp No. 2 had one man who bore no scars. He was the champion of the woods, dreaded alike for his powerful frame and ugly temper. Camp after camp had been his habitat, but his propensity for brawling respected not even foremen, and he was ever flitting from camp to camp, till he became "a drifter", or nomad lumberman. Kearns had hired him at the beginning of the season, and thus far, despite the fact that "Big Oleson," as he was called, was known throughout the whole North Woods as a violent hater of all things Catholic, he had not only refrained from fighting, but when Kearns was about he had kept a civil tongue in his head regarding religion in general and the Catholic religion in particular. "Oleson knows its his last chance and he's tryin' to be good," Shannon, the camp cook, had said.

But trying to be good did not agree with Oleson's ideas of life, and he seized the first opportunity that offered to vent his spleen against

the services in the camp each Sunday. He had thus far ventured to attack them only by a covert sneer when Kearns was not about. The men feared Oleson too much even to rebuke him openly or to inform Kearns, either of which meant retribution from the big Swede.

One night however, Kearns who had been compelled to go to a town twenty miles distant had not returned to the camp, and Oleson thought his time had come. The men had as usual gathered around the fireplace of the bunkhouse. Shannon and Elwood sat in a corner talking over the events of the day.

Oleson, during a lull in the conversation, turned to his companion, a Protestant, and said:

"Bill, I was never in such a sissified camp before. Instead of allowing a man to sleep in peace on Sunday, that d——d bell has to wake us all up, when it calls them Catholic fools to church. I say it ought to be stopped."

There was an ominous silence, whilst one man looked at the other, but no one said a word of remonstrance.

Oleson, seeing that the men were afraid of him, grew bolder.

"Its a d——d shame, Bill," he continued, "for intelligent chaps like these to let them priests impose on them. These poor fools give up their hard earned cash to them lazy priests."

There was a sound of gritting teeth, but no one moved.

"Them priests," said Oleson spitting contemptuously, "impose on their crazy fools. They collect money here for the poor and then spend it on grub and drink in their monastery."

At last a voice broke the silence.

"I'm no follower of the priests," said Elwood in a calm voice that belied the angry flush on his usually pale cheek, "but that last statement of yours is a damnable falsehood."

There was a murmur of approval from the men, but it was plain they were in too much dread of the champion to do more.

Oleson was silent with rage for an instant. Then he seized a log from the hearth and sent it hurtling swiftly at Elwood, and on the instant sprang at the young man to crush him to the earth.

There was a gasp from the men. Elwood's fate seemed sealed, for the Swede in a rage was terrible. But Elwood, who had dodged the missile as easily as though it had been lightly tossed at him, stepped



nimbly aside as the Swede tried to grasp him in his mighty arms, and the huge form of the latter crushed into the wall of the shack.

He turned and rained a shower of terrible blows at his opponent. The men momentarily expecting to see Elwood crash to the floor were dumbfounded to see him brush easily aside the madly striking Oleson. Then the unexpected and to the lumbermen the inexplicable happened. Elwood seeing an opening planted one and then another short swift punch over the heart and on the point of the jaw of "Big Oleson", and the latter sank a senseless heap on the floor.

The men were wild with delight and ferocity. "The corks, the corks," they cried; "give him the corks!" the memory of Oleson's merciless treatment of opponents surging up within them.

But Elwood uttered not a word. He seemed ashamed of what he had done, and seizing his coat he strode out into the darkness, just as the door opened to admit Kearns.

Once Elwood's calm had returned, he found himself strolling through the forest. He wondered what it was that had aroused in him his anger and resentment.

"Surely," he mused, "it cannot be my love for the Faith or the priesthood for I have long ago convinced myself that Catholic faith and priesthood are naught but folly, and such a thing as a God is for poor, imaginative and ignorant people." "Ah," whispered a voice within him, "you have not driven your faith from your heart, you have but smothered it with false and proud reasoning. Now it has been fanned to a flame by the scoffing language of that ignorant man."

"But," he objected, "of what use is a faith that teaches me to believe and worship a Being who does not exist?" Just then he heard the clear chirp of a bird ring out in the stillness of the night. He looked up to whence the sound seemed to be coming. It was a bright, moonlit night, and he saw on a branch of a tall maple a few feet in front of him the figure of the bird silhouetted on the green background. "You say there is no God," resumed the voice within him reproachfully, "whence then, did this little bird, this stately maple, this dense forest originate." "By evolution, from matter, as everything else," his reason replied. Such had been the fundamental teaching of the godless university in which Elwood had received his higher education. It was this "Treasure house of knowledge" that had robbed him of his faith, and filled him with a proud scorn and disdain for religion.

"But whence did this matter originate," continued Elwood's interior objector, "and who caused it to evolve so wondrously and so harmoniously to produce such marvellous creatures as you see about you? Could this matter have possibly existed eternally, without beginning? No, your scientific researches reveal that the world must have had a beginning, just as they reveal that the forces of nature slowly but surely spending themselves must at some time or other be entirely consumed. You admit the principle of causality, of beginning and end. Everything that came into being and will come into being has a cause. You believe this principle is universal. What then of this 'primeval matter'? Will you deny that this had a cause? Surely primeval matter too must have had a cause, and a cause different from all the powers of nature. There is a First Cause. There is a God."

It was midnight before Elwood turned towards the silent, sleeping, lumber camp. As he made his way through the forest, he glanced up to the star-studded heavens. He knew from astronomy the incomprehensible distance that separated him from these heavenly bodies, and the exact mathematical laws according to which they were regulated. With one accord they seemed to cry out to him: "There must be an Intelligent Creator to regulate all this so wondrously." His whole being cried out to him: "There is a God, you cannot escape Him or drive Him from your soul."

Sleep was a long time coming to the pensive man, when at last he had wrapped himself up in his blankets in his bunk. When he did close his eyes in sleep, it was only to dream about his childhood days. He accompanied again his mother to Mass on Sunday morning. He lived over again that day of days, the day of his First Holy Communion.

When Elwood awoke from his dreams early in the morning, the lumber jacks were still sleeping. He arose determined to leave camp that morning. Faith had dawned again, and with it noble and lofty aspirations. Just before working time, he bade good-bye to his former companions. Kearns as well as all the others were sorry to see him go. Oleson had been paid off the night before and had left camp at dawn.

Five years later, Kearns, who had now become Manager of the United Lumber Co., was sitting in his office in Brandon, when a young clergyman about 30 years of age entered and greeted him. Kearns gazed at him fixedly for a moment as though trying to recognize some one he had met before, then burst out:

"Tom Elwood—Father Elwood, I suppose I should say—how did it all come about?"

"Yes, its Father Elwood now, Mr. Kearns," admitted the priest returning the hearty handshake. "I've found my place in life at last. I came to your camp five years ago to crush all memory of God and faith from my heart. In the university I attended, I had grown to scoff at religion in general and the Catholic religion in particular, and I renounced the Faith of my childhood. Pleasure, business, travel, all failed to kill my conscience. I went to the forest, hoping there to choke that interior voice and forget about God."

"Now I understand that sad and groping look that impressed me so much when I first saw you," interrupted Kearns.

"Yes, it was useless to attempt to drive God from my heart. The mighty trees of the forest, the sweet singing birds that perched on them, and the stars of the bright, clear heavens at night all called out to me: 'There is a God.' The night I defended the priests against Oleson, faith came back and with it happiness and light. From your camp I went direct to a seminary, and here I am at last."

"Ah, Father," said Kearns, "thank God, my prayer is heard at last. Every day from the time you told me you had lost the Faith, I prayed that God might restore that priceless treasure. And now my prayer is fulfilled beyond expectation. Give me your 'First Blessing', Father."

Kearns knelt down, whilst the hand that had felled the godless Oleson was raised in gentle blessing over him, the blessing of a newly anointed priest.

M. C. GOUNLEY, C. Ss. R.

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### GOD'S VOICE

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Where the grasses lift their bright, green spears,  
On the brow of yonder hill;  
When the sun is set, on the summer eve',  
And the woods stand dark and still:

I hie me away, by the light of stars,  
And I stretch on the verdant sod.  
'Tis here I can list the "still, small voice,"  
The "still, small voice" of God.

I learn a lesson "too deep for tears,"  
The secrets of God's own heart  
That He whispers, in silence, my listening soul  
From the "madding crowd" apart.

—W. T. Bond, C. Ss. R.

## GO TO JOSEPH

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When the seven years of scarcity came upon the land of Egypt and the people cried to Pharaoh for food, the latter said: "Go to Joseph; and do all that he shall say to you." A similar invitation does Our Lord make to us during this month of March. "Go to Joseph," He says, "in all your needs. On earth he refused me nothing, but spent himself in caring for me. Now that he is in heaven I can refuse him nothing, and am happy to grant all he asks."

Experience shows conclusively how great is the power of St. Joseph over the Heart of Jesus. Just listen to the words of St. Teresa: "Our Lord seems to have granted power to other saints to help in one necessity; but experience proves that St. Joseph helps us in all. Many persons whom I have advised to recommend themselves to him bear witness to this. In fact I never knew anyone who served him, especially by practising some particular devotion in his honor, who did not make progress in virtue. I entreat those who do not believe what I say to try it themselves."

St. Joseph, then, is a most powerful helper in all necessities. But still there are three special graces for which we ought to ask him: for the forgiveness of our sins, the love of Jesus Christ, and a good death. As to the forgiveness of sins, I argue thus: when the Saviour lived in this world in the house of Joseph, could any sinner who desired to obtain forgiveness of his sins from our Lord have found a more efficacious means to obtain this favor than through St. Joseph? If, then, we desire to be pardoned by God, let us have recourse to St. Joseph, and we may rest assured that our prayer will not be in vain. Let us also ask St. Joseph for love towards the Incarnate Word; for this I firmly believe to be the particular grace which St. Joseph obtains for those who are devout to him. Finally, let us ask the saint for a happy death. He is the special patron of a good death, for he had the enviable happiness of dying in the arms of Jesus and Mary. His devout clients can confidently hope for a similar favor, a favor that will rob that dread hour of many of its terrors.

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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To attack other men's faults is to do the devil's work for him; to do God's work is to attack our own.—*Father Faber.*

### "A DAUGHTER OF ST. ROSE"

Rose Connolly was indeed a rose, not one of those brightly colored or deeply blushing roses that at once arrest attention, but one of those beautiful white roses everybody loves: attractive by her very modesty and simplicity. As thorns protect roses from ruthless hands, and fresh green rose-leaves bespeak a hope far beyond the mere earthly, so even Rose's girlhood showed a certain reserve and modesty that said to the frivolous: "Touch me not!", and a promise of character that would do justice and honor to any home. Like other girls she was joyful, cheery and ready to join in games, but beneath the surface was something only the careful eye could discern, the seed of a vocation. There was *one* obstacle, the state of her health.

Now Rose was chum to Charlie Greaves' sister, and Charlie in his boyish frankness and school-boy's love conceived a chivalrous admiration for Rose so that unknown to her he used to be her gallant Sir Galahad, the valiant champion of her fair name before those who would tease or ridicule her. Besides a bit of honest pride and boyish "fair play" Charlie's sympathy might well have become even older heads, and so seeing Rose's failing health he made a novena to his favorite Saint, and, lo! the cure was obtained; but the secret was all Charlie's own. In after years Charlie was wont to say that she was just the kind of girl he would choose for a wife.

Enough years rolled by to find both Rose and Charlie considerably past their schooldays. Charlie was a seminarian, whilst Rose went to work and between times helped care for her widowed brother's little ones. Rose and Charlie had not seen each other these years, but one vacation they met and in a moment of confidence she broached the thought of entering a religious order.

Again years sped by and not a word between them but their mutual prayer to God for light and courage, when one glorious Annunciation day Charlie hears that Rose is a candidate in a teaching order. That night, as Charlie bade His Saviour good night, there was a fervent thanksgiving before the Tabernacle. But—"man proposes and God disposes."

Her Novitiate was all but completed. Having tasted the Lord's sweetness she yearned with joy for the time of her final oblation when in word and deed she could truly say: "Lord, now I am all Thine; do with me what Thou wilt." Too soon, alas, her anticipated joy was

changed into sadness: a telegram announced that her mother was mortally ill—that mother so tenderly loved by her and who eagerly wished to be at the profession in order herself to offer her daughter to God.

With anxious heart Rose journeyed homeward; but there was resignation in that heart: God wanted her joy of profession to be without human consolation; He was trying her fidelity now. At home weeping faces told a tale: somehow in God's Providence the telegram had been delayed. Can you imagine what a cross this was for such a loving daughter not to have heard that mother's last blessing?

The funeral over, Rose returned to the convent determined to make a perfect holocaust of herself. Constantly she prayed: "My God, I am Thine; Thy will be done". A new and heavier cross awaited her on account of the changed circumstances at home. Her confessor and spiritual director told her that, for the present at least, it was God's will and her plain duty to leave the convent, return to the world and care for her brother's children. Could there be a heavier blow to one who had her heart set on following the call of the Heavenly Spouse? Yet, with characteristic courage and supreme confidence in God's Providence, she laid aside the garb of God's consecrated ones and donned again the dress of the world. The voice of obedience as manifested by the director of her soul was sufficient. "I am not yet wanted by God," thought she. "He did not think me worthy"; and in her usual cheerful spirit of sacrifice she undertook the care of her brother's family. She was all a mother could be: watchful, firm and kind. At her knees her brother's children became prayerful and learnt the first lessons of their Faith; her enthusiasm made them love both home and school; her interest in her brother's home could not be greater—she was untiring, ever cheerful, ever kind and resigned. She was "not of the world" but "chosen out of the world" (S. John, XV, 19).

Did you ever strongly desire something great and good which you were unable to get though it was ever before your eyes? Imagine yourself at this for years and you have a shadow of what it meant, humanly speaking, for her to remain in the world when all her soul tended towards the convent. Nobly she performed her daily task. Never did she forget the vocation she had left. This latter thought was her cross, but a cross borne with resignation: she felt that God knew why and that He knew what was best. Prayer, especially at Holy Communion, buoyed her hopes and gave her strength. That other

love, the love of a religious vocation, though constantly with her, never interfered with her duties; she was always the same Rose, modest, simple, humble and firm; always confiding and always hoping, till—after over two years of waiting, her brother was married again, and she could fly, fly to the convent at last.

Doubly does she appreciate her vocation now, for the crosses of the past have rendered her virtue like unto the perfume of a full-blown rose after the storm—still sweeter and stronger than before; whilst the experience with her brother's children became a rich mine for her as a teacher in the order she espoused. God has rewarded her confidence, and her work is blessed with extraordinary success; she has studied and seen the working of a child's heart, and she can always win a child's heart, for her heart is that of a mother.

The lesson of this story is plain, a lesson of God's Providence, the strength of hope in Him, the blessings in disguise under the wood of the Cross, so much so that when we ponder the last great cross of our heroine, we must say with Cardinal Newman: "The last draught which a kind Providence gives us to drink, may have at the very bottom, instead of dregs, costly pearls."—*Written for The Liguorian.*

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### ALWAYS

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"It is not the Epiphany, nor is it Lent, nor any time of the year that makes people fit to approach the altar-table; but it is sincerity and purity of soul. With this, approach at all times; without it, never."—*St. John Chrysostom.*

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### OTHER WORLDS

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And are those glorious stars unpeopled all?  
Lives there no thought outside our human race?  
Men scan the heavens—does no celestial face  
Turn wondering to our planetary ball?  
Who knows if yet to science it may fall  
To find a bridge o'er interstellar space,  
That we those lords of other worlds may trace,  
And message send responsive to their call!

O world incredulous! Accept the word  
By Christ revealed: Beyond the farthest star,  
In highest heaven, most loving friends there are:—  
By our repentant sighs their joy is stirred;  
We strike our breasts, the echo wakes their praise;  
And they have charge to hallow all our ways.  
—T. E. Bridgett, C. Ss. R.



## THE OUR FATHER

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HALLOWED BE THY NAME. THE HOLY NAME OF GOD.

However noble is man's being and dignity, however exalted and sublime his end and destiny, man is only a creature wholly dependent on God for everything he is and has—his existence, his life, his body and its senses, his soul and its faculties, gifts and talents, his goods and for every moment of his life. With regard to God the most gifted of men is less than the smallest grain of sand compared to the whole earth, to the whole universe, for God is *infinite*, and the most able and perfect of men is simply finite and limited. "Before God all nations are as if they had no being at all, and are counted to Him as nothing" (Is. 40, 17). No man has the right to glory in himself, or in his possessions, or in his abilities, for he is entirely dependent on God for all these things, and is bound to give the glory and honor for them to God, from whom he has received them. If he does not, but glorifies himself because of them, he is a veritable thief and robber, for St. Paul says to such a man: "What hast thou that thou hast not received? And if thou hast received, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?" (I Cor. 4, 7). Man is obliged to give glory to God for all that he is and has, for all this he has received from God, and God requires man gratefully to acknowledge it, for since He is infinitely just, He most rightfully insists on His rights; and He therefore says expressly: "I, the Lord, this is My Name; I will not give my glory to another" (Ps. 42, 8). God, being infinitely just, necessarily claims what is His own, and is not indifferent concerning the conduct of men, whom He calls His children; He is not like so many parents, who are indifferent concerning the conduct of their children and thus degrade themselves and ruin their children. We are bound in justice to acknowledge our indebtedness to God and to give Him due honor and glory for His gifts. Hence St. Augustine says: "From Thee, O God, is all good, and Thine be the glory!"

Our divine Saviour has taught us to call God *our Father*; and we are, indeed, His children; and whatever may be our station in life, however low or exalted it may be, we are truly God's children, beloved by Him, for our very existence and all that we are came from Him and every moment of our life has been marked by His benefits, by proofs of His fatherly love for us. He is infinitely good in Himself and in our

regard. To be convinced of this, you have only to look around you and above you, and see all that He has made for your benefit, and especially the heavenly glory He destines for you. Wherefore it is your sacred duty to honor, love and glorify him as your Father, your God, your greatest Benefactor, and acknowledge your absolute dependence upon Him. Be true and grateful children, and not degenerate children who refuse Him the honor that is His due. Bear in mind, that you are of yourselves as helpless as infants depending on their parents for all they need; and you should, then, have recourse in all your needs to God, the very best of fathers. But what should you ask of Him? Our Divine Saviour who knows our wants infinitely better than we can know them ourselves, has taught us our needs and how we should pray for them. He has placed all our needs and all we should pray for under seven headings or petitions. The first petition is *Hallowed be Thy Name*. By these words we pray that God and His holy Name be given due honor, first, by ourselves, and then by all mankind, as Moses taught the Israelites: "The Lord is my strength and my praise. He is my God, and I will glorify Him and I will exalt Him; Almighty is His name" (Exod. 15, 2-3). It is our sacred duty to give God due honor, to glorify Him and to thank Him for His benefits. The man who fails to do so is a thankless wretch; he does not deserve to live, to enjoy any of God's benefits, but to undergo severe punishment. As God's creatures and children, we are obliged to honor Him as our God and sovereign Lord, and to acknowledge our entire dependence on Him, to thank Him for His benefits, to ask His forgiveness for our sins and shortcomings, and to pray to Him in all our wants. God on account of His infinite perfections, deserves infinite honor. And even among Catholics how many there are who scarcely ever show Him the least mark of honor, gratitude and love, and fail to pray to Him in their wants! Some even simply ignore God altogether, or do even worse, for by their words and conduct they openly show disrespect for Him and His holy Name and actually insult Him, even daily, by their abuse of His name in frequently breaking His second commandment: "Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold guiltless him that shall take the Name of the Lord His God in vain" (Exod. 20, 7). Those Catholics frequently use the holy Name of God in anger, to curse themselves or their neighbor, and even to swear falsely, that is, to per-

jure themselves, as God Himself complains by His prophet: "My name is continually blasphemed all the day long" (Is. 52, 5).

The very name of God is deserving of all honor and reverence as we can see from numberless texts of Holy Scriptures; some of which are here given to show how worthy of honor and praise is God's holy Name, both on account of itself and of the benefits it bestows on those who pronounce it in praise or lovingly invoke it. "O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Thy Name in the whole earth! (Ps. 8, 2). Blessed be the Lord God of Israel. Let His Name be blessed forevermore (Ps. 71, 17-18). Praise ye the Lord, for the Lord is good; sing ye to His name, for it is sweet (Ps. 134, 3). It shall come to pass that every one that shall call upon the Name of the Lord, shall be saved (Joel 2, 32). O Lord, Thy Name is called upon by us, forsake us not (Jer. 14, 9). Help us, O God our Saviour; and for the glory of Thy Name, O Lord, deliver us and forgive us our sins for Thy Name's sake (Ps. 78, 9). For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, Thou wilt pardon my sin, for it is great" (Ps. 24, 11). These few texts show us how worthy of our respect and veneration is the Name of God, and that it is a name of salvation, of confidence and love for all, and even for great sinners who are desirous of obtaining the pardon of their sins; hence such sinners may say with the Psalmist: "In His holy Name we have trusted (Ps. 32, 21). Our help is in the Name of the Lord who made heaven and earth" (Ps. 123, 8).

That we may acquire an exalted idea of the grandeur, holiness and power of God's holy Name, let us often ponder over every verse of the 144th Psalm, with which we here conclude the present article:

1. "I will extol Thee, O God my King; and I will bless Thy Name forever; yea, forever and ever.
2. Every day will I bless Thee; and I will praise Thy Name forever; yea, forever and ever.
3. Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and of His greatness there is no end.
4. Generation and generation shall bless Thy works; and they shall declare Thy power.
5. They shall speak of the magnificence, of the glory of Thy holiness, and shall tell Thy wondrous works.
6. And they shall speak of the might of Thy terrible acts, and shall declare Thy greatness.

7. They shall publish the memory of the abundance of Thy sweetness, and shall rejoice in Thy justice.
8. The Lord is gracious and merciful, patient and plenteous of mercy.
9. The Lord is sweet to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works.
10. Let all Thy works, O Lord, praise Thee, and let Thy saints bless Thee.
11. They shall speak of the glory of Thy kingdom, and shall tell of Thy power.
12. To make Thy might known to the sons of men, and the glory of the magnificence of Thy Kingdom.
13. Thy kingdom is a kingdom of all ages, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations. The Lord is faithful in all His words, and holy in all His works.
14. The Lord lifteth up all that fall, and setteth up all that are cast down.
15. The eyes of all hope in Thee, O Lord, and Thou givest them meat in due season.
16. Thou openest Thy hand, and fillest with blessing every living creature.
17. The Lord is just in all His ways, and holy in all His works.
18. The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon Him, to all that call upon Him in truth.
19. He will do the will of them that fear Him, and He will hear their prayer and save them.
20. The Lord keepeth all them that love Him; but all the wicked He will destroy.
21. My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord; and let all flesh bless His holy Name forever, yea, forever and ever."

Let us often call to mind God's promise: "Whoever shall glorify Me (on earth), him will I glorify" (in heaven) (I. Kings 2, 39).

FERREOL GIRARDEY, C. Ss. R.

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When obstacles and trials seem  
 Like prison walls to me,  
 I do the little I can do,  
 And leave the rest to Thee.—*Father Faber.*

## FOUR LOVES AND A LIFE

### CHAPTER II: RAW RECRUITS.

A long wearisome ride of a day and a night brought Tom Doyle and Ted Cullom to a wayside station in Ohio. In the distance they saw long rows of tents amid which moved hundreds of khaki-clad figures. And above all they glimpsed the sun-kissed folds of Old Glory, the Emblem of Freedom, beneath which Columbia's hosts were rallying to make the world a decent place to live in.

Tom and Ted were not the only recruits who stepped from the train that morning, but all had not the steady step and clear eye which marked these two. Some, alas, there were, whose unsteady gait told that they had sought solace from the sorrow of farewells in the cup that cheers but inebriates. Ted had Tom to thank for his preservation from a like fate. When only a few miles from home Ted had pulled a long, black bottle from his satchel, and indulged in a long draught of the fiery liquor it contained.

"Here, Tom," said Ted extending the bottle, "I know you are not a drinking man. But you had better take a sip of this to keep you from getting sick on the train and to cheer you up."

Tom smilingly accepted the bottle, and just as smilingly threw it out of the open window.

Ted flushed scarlet with mingled rage and surprise.

"You've got a nerve all right," he exclaimed angrily. "That's all the liquor I have. I know what you're afraid of. You think I'm going to get gloriously drunk. Well, I told you once I'd never get drunk again, and I haven't, have I? Didn't I cut out the gang I was going with and stop hard drinking just to please you? But a little whiskey isn't going to hurt any man on a trip like this. And I only had a little. I tell you, Tom Doyle, I don't like what you did for a cent's worth. Just as soon as we hit a town, I'm going to get another bottle, and I dare you or any other man to throw that out the window. Get me?" And Ted closed his open satchel with a bang.

"Aw, dry up, Ted," said Tom. "What's the use of getting sore? What I did was for your good. It ain't that bottle I'm kicking about. But I know you, old boy. It won't be very long before some other fellows board this train, bound like ourselves to camp. What's the result? You give them a drink from your bottle and take a drink from theirs. And then the next thing you know, you'll be going into camp

drunk. Even that wouldn't be so bad. But that would be only the start. You couldn't tell those chaps you ain't a drinking man, if you drank with them on the train. So every time you got loose from camp you'd come back drunk. Great prospect, ain't it? No, no, Ted, say good-bye to booze. You can leave it alone if you want to."

"I guess you're about right, Tom," was the reply of Ted. "I've let the stuff alone for two months, and only brought that bottle along to make things pleasant on the way to camp."

"Pleasant nothing," responded Tom; "if you call going into camp with a headache pleasant then our ideas of pleasant don't agree."

"Well, forget it," said Ted; "and no more booze for mine!"

"You're getting sense at last!" grinned Tom. Ted grinned in sympathy and the incident was for the time forgotten.

But now, as in charge of a trim Sergeant who had met them at the train, the raw recruits laden with suitcase and bundle and satchel plodded down the road to camp, Ted was secretly glad that he was not of the number who found the broad and ample road all too narrow for their straying feet. Camp was reached in a short time and the "rookies" amid the good-natured chaffing of a group of soldiers who had assembled to witness the arrival of the latest volunteers passed to the Office of the Adjutant, where their records were taken, after which quarters were assigned them.

For the next few days events began to happen with bewildering rapidity for the raw recruits. Uniforms were distributed, the chums Ted and Tom were assigned to the same company of Engineers in which branch of the service both had enlisted. They were vaccinated, inoculated against typhus and pneumonia. They learned to rise at the call of the bugle—to eat, drink and sleep at the same tune. But above all as Tom said in a letter to his father: "Life here begins, continues and ends with drill." Those were the days of intensive training, the days when the Allies across the seas were straining every nerve to hold back the foe, the days when the eyes of all the world were turned to America, when from the powers that govern and direct the affairs of our great Republic down to the humblest soldier in the ranks, no man counted toil too great nor task too difficult that would speed the day when America's troops could stand at the tomb of Lafayette and proudly say: "Lafayette we are here. Democracy is safe and Freedom shall not perish from the earth."

The stay of our friends in Columbus Barracks—as their first destination was called—was very brief. A few weeks after their arrival they were ordered to pack their few belongings and march to the station preparatory to departure. They tarried not in the order of their going. There were no trunks to be packed—in fact a suitcase or satchel proved all too ample for their possessions. A few days after their arrival officers had summarily disposed of the host of superfluities brought to camp by the raw recruits. A postal to Tom Doyle from his sister Mary well described the results.

"Dear Tom"—she wrote—"Two days after you left we received two postals from you. The next day your welcome note reached us. Tuesday your trunk arrived—and your civilian clothes reached us this morning. Please send us your tooth brush at once, as that is all you can possibly have left."

Hence in a few minutes belongings were packed and the recruits were lined up for the march to the station.

"Say, Sarge," inquired Ted of the First Sergeant of his Company, as he and Tom fell into line, "where do we go from here?"

"Dunno," said the Sergeant tersely. "Somewhere in the U. S. A., I suppose."

"Naw!" grunted the Corporal of the squad to which Tom and Ted belonged. "We're bound for France. This bunch of rookies thinks after a week in the army, they can teach Pershing himself how to drill."

"Speaks well for our drill master, doesn't it?" asked Tom quietly. At this sally there was a roar of laughter from the privates and even the grim Sergeant smiled. For the doughty Corporal had declared time and time again that the man who could teach those recruits to know their right foot from the left in a month's time would have to possess the patience of six or seven angels combined. Suffice it to say that the Corporal had been given charge of the drilling of the latest recruits to arrive.

Any reply from the Corporal was prevented by the order to march, and amid the cheers of those left behind four hundred men in khaki swept down the road in a swinging march and boarded the train prepared for them. A shriek of the whistle, a hissing of steam, and they were off—bound—well, they knew not whither they were bound. Only



the Major and the Captains in the last coach could tell, and strict orders forbade their divulging the information.

During a dreary four and twenty hours the troop train rumbled onward with no incident of importance to break the monotony for Tom and Ted. Many of the soldiers had secured intoxicants in some mysterious manner before the train left camp, and a few were becoming boisterous. The Officers in command at first said nothing, for it was their belief that the supply would soon be exhausted, and the trouble would die a natural death. When, however, some of the men hitherto unaffected began to show the effects of strong drink, the Officers began to watch the men. An eagle-eyed Captain saw a private leap from the train armed with a satchel, when a town was reached. On his return satchel and soldier alike were seized. Then the suspicion of the Officers that the supply of liquor was being replenished en route became a certainty. The satchel was filled with liquor. Action was quick and decisive on the part of the Officers. A Captain stepped into the last coach occupied by troops and called out:

"Every man in this coach take his belongings and move forward. Find places in the coaches ahead wherever you can."

The soldiers obeyed the order instantly. Next, the Captain, in company with four Sergeants, moved forward in the train. Entering each coach, they approached each seat. The occupants were ordered to stand in the aisle with their hands above their heads. Seats, soldiers and baggage were thoroughly searched. All intoxicants were confiscated, and all soldiers who showed the effects of having indulged in them were relegated to the last coach, just vacated by their comrades. When the search was completed, and the last man under the influence of liquor had been ordered to the rear of the train, the doors of the coach occupied by the inebriates were locked, and a Corporal stood guard at the front and rear entrance of this car.

Tom and Ted who had been in the rear car, had bundled up their belongings and had moved forward to the very first car. The names of the cities passed and the nature of the country about them, told the soldiers they were moving Westward, but whither no one seemed to know. "Going to guard the Mexican border," was the guess hazarded by one soldier. "The Phillipines for us," surmised another. Finally Tom and Ted decided to stop guessing and composed themselves to sleep. When Ted's snores informed his comrade that he was asleep,

Tom drew a Rosary from his pocket and began to say it. Alas, for human nature, the lad fell asleep before he finished the beads. So he lay oblivious to all around him, with the Rosary clasped in his hand.

The first faint streaks of dawn were lighting up the prairie when Tom was awakened by a touch on his shoulder. He opened his eyes to see a Lieutenant bending over him. He rose to his feet, saluted sleepily, and stood at attention.

"You are wanted in the rear coach," said the Lieutenant.

"But, sir," said Tom amazedly, "I was not drinking."

The Lieutenant smiled. "I do not mean the jail," he said. "You are wanted in the very last coach, the Officers' Pullman; understand?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tom, saluting. Meanwhile he examined his conscience hastily to see what he could have done to cause him to be summoned at this early hour before his superior Officers.

"Stop at the cook's car in the middle of the train," continued the Lieutenant, "and take some breakfast. Then come as quickly as possible to the Officers' car."

"Very well, sir," responded Tom.

Tom saluted, the Officer returned the salute and departed. Tom seized his hat from the rack and made his way to the rear. In the cook's car he hastily devoured a liberal portion of bacon and hard tack and swallowed a cup of coffee. The Corporals on guard passed him through the car in which the delinquents lay, still sunk in a sodden slumber. He entered the car of the Officers, saluted and stood at attention before several Captains and the Major in command.

It was the Captain who had supervised the search of the cars for intoxicants, who addressed Tom.

"My man," said he, "the Corporals on guard will have other work to attend to shortly. They are to be relieved from guard duty. You and another private are to take their places. A loaded rifle will be given you. Remember it is loaded! We want no recruit to begin his service to his country by blowing out his own brains. Take your station at the rear entrance to the car in which the men who were drinking last night are confined. Allow no man to leave or enter without orders from the Officers. If any attempt to do so—stop them. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, I think so," said Tom saluting.

"Very good," said the Captain. "You may go."

Tom saluted and departed to take up his station as guard. The Corporal on guard at the rear of the car containing the prisoners handed Tom the rifle which he held and the key of the car, remarking as he did so:

"Well, buddy, them boozers have given no trouble all night, but they may be hunting trouble this morning. Don't let them out, or it won't be good for you."

"Don't worry," said Tom grinning cheerfully; "the laddybuck in that car who gets an eye opener this morning will have to jump out the window to get it. And I guess no one will try that. He might get out, but he won't get back."

"Be careful with that gun and bayonet," said the Corporal warningly. "Ever handle a gun before?"

"Sure," said Tom; "I hunted often."

"Oh, all right then!" laughed the Corporal. "Them Officers sure do know how to pick their men. Guess they must have seen back in camp you know how to handle a rifle. That's why you're here."

"So that's it," said Tom; "I thought they must have picked out the good looking men for guards. And I knew I was Class A in that line."

"Gwan!" grinned the Corporal. "Well, so long, buddy! I've got to get my own breakfast, and then see that the men get theirs."

"So long," answered Tom. And the Corporal departed.

Tom took the rifle, slung it across his shoulder and settled down comfortably. He knew he would have to stand guard for several hours. As the morning wore on, his task became somewhat tiresome. He wanted to smoke, but could not, as he knew it was against regulations to smoke on guard. He had to plant himself securely in his place, for the train was rushing merrily on its way and its swaying and jolting might have thrown him from the platform.

Meanwhile the delinquents in the car awoke with the splitting headache and raging thirst. Ice-water from the coach, and even the hot coffee served for breakfast failed to quench their thirst. "Only a hair of the dog that bit us can do that," one toper declared. So five or six of the men who had been in service for some time, began to devise ways and means of getting some whiskey.

"There's a rookie on guard in the rear," declared one man after an inspection of the doors of the car. "Suppose we ask him to let us out when we reach a town."

"Go ahead and try it!" answered another. "But I don't think it will work. You know how all-fired important a rookie feels when he gets a gun in his hand and is put on guard for the first time."

"Well, I'm going to try it anyway!" declared the first man. So when a town was reached he went to the rear door and rapped on the glass.

Tom approached the door.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The soldier within showed him a greenback.

"There's five dollars in it for you, if you let me out to get some whiskey!" he declared.

"You've got the wrong man!" answered Tom curtly. "You fellows have had too much booze already. Besides my orders are to keep you in."

The soldier returned to his chums. "Nothing doing!" he said disgustedly.

"That guy's too wise!" returned a comrade. "He knows blamed well, if he let us out, he'd get soaked by the Officers, not us."

"Well, I'm going to get a drink no matter what happens!" said the man who had gone to the door. "I tell you what. Suppose we rush him!"

"What do you mean?" asked a comrade.

"When we reach the next station, four or five of us will go to the door and ask that rookie again to let us out. If he refuses, well, we'll kick the lock off the door, take his gun away from him and beat it for a drink."

"Wow!" ejaculated a comrade. "And what do we get when we get back?"

"A lot of chin music from the Officers!" answered the exponent of the plan, "and maybe ten days in the guard house when we get to camp. I'm willing to stand that for the sake of a drink."

"Suppose that gun should go off?" suggested a soldier.

"Aw, no danger of that!" replied the other. "It's a cinch to take a gun away from a rookie. But how about it fellows, are you game?"

"Count me in!" said one. "It's worth trying, and I'm near dead for a drink."

"How about you, Jim?" asked the schemer of a third man.

"All right!" was the answer. "I've been in the jug before."

"I'm game!" declared a fourth.

"Count me out!" said another. "I've got too many black marks behind my name already."

"Me, too!" said a sixth man. "But go ahead you guys. We won't squeal."

Soon the minor details of the plot were worked out. All seemed to augur success for the scheme. Hence when a town was reached the four men approached the door of the car.

"Come on, buddy, have a heart! Let us out!" pleaded the man who had gone to the door the first time.

"Nix!" responded Tom. "Beat it, and kill your thirst with ice water!"

"Aw, go to ——!" was the answer he received. The soldier who had spoken drew back and smote the lock on the door a heavy kick with his army shoe. The frail lock was shattered, and the door swung open.

Tom's eyes flashed. "Stand back, you fellows!" he exclaimed heatedly; "I've got a rifle here!"

"Take the gun from the little laddie!" urged one of the men, he, who had been addressed as Jim.

"You wouldn't shoot a pal, would you?" asked the man who had kicked open the door. As he spoke he took a step forward.

"Pals be hanged!" said Tom. "If you fellows can't do without your confounded booze, after the fools you made of yourselves last night, then your no pals of mine."

"Get out of the way, or we'll throw you off this car!" said Jim angrily.

"That will do for you!" said Tom, bringing the rifle to his shoulder and placing his finger on the trigger. "No more talk. If you fellows don't get back to your seats in twenty minutes, this gun is going off, and what it holds will bother you a blame sight more than your morning-after-headache. Get me? Now beat it, before I shoot!"

Just then the door of the coach behind Tom opened and the Captain who had stationed him on guard appeared. He had heard the conversation—at least Tom's last utterance.

"Here, what's all this?" he inquired.

"Some boozers trying to get out, that's all, sir!" said Tom. He neither saluted nor presented arms—the men at the door were gazing

down the barrel of the rifle. They turned their eyes from it only long enough to behold the Captain, then they fled ignominiously.

"Would you really have fired?" asked the Captain.

"You bet I would!" answered Tom; "these guys got my goat!"

"You should have called out for an Officer!" said the Captain.

"I had no orders to do that, sir!" said Tom, who now stood at 'present arms'. "You told me only to stop anyone entering or leaving the car."

"Humph!" said the Officer; "you'll hear about this later." He entered the car and proceeded to lay down the law to the men who had attempted to leave. Thence he passed forward and returned in a few moments with a Sergeant and Corporal.

"You may give your rifle to the Corporal, Private Doyle," said he to Tom. "You are relieved from guard duty. Return to your place in the coaches."

Tom did as he was told, amid a storm of conflicting emotions. When he reached his place he told Ted all that had happened. Ted slapped him on the back joyously and said:

"Good for you, old boy. You showed those fellows a trick!"

"Yes!" answered Tom gloomily. "But what good did it do? I'm going to be court-martialed or something. The Captain said I'd hear from him later."

And Tom's gloom lasted the rest of the morning.

(To Be Continued.)

J. R. MELVIN, C. Ss. R.

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The Papal Delegate has written to Mr. Nicholas Gonner, Editor of the Dubuque *Catholic Tribune*, congratulating him on increasing his publication to a tri-weekly edition and encouraging him to work forward to even more frequent editions, "thereby leading up to the much desired Catholic daily newspaper for the United States". The *Liguorian* feels highly flattered in being in such good company in its advocacy of an American Catholic daily press.

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The Good Book warns you that when you fast you are not thereby entitled to snarl and snap, to be a crouch, a crank, or a kill-joy. With still greater reason does this prohibition hold when you dispense yourself from fasting.

	<b>Catholic Anecdotes</b>	
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**A CONFESSION OF FAITH**

The Rev. M. de la Taille, a Canadian chaplain, tells a beautiful incident from his work in the region of Montdidier:

"As one of the ambulances was leaving the aid-post, I asked the men inside, five in number, whether there were any Catholics among them. One of them said he was not Catholic; three said they were, and I gave them the Sacraments. But there remained a fifth man who could not speak and answer my question intelligibly. Seeing that I could not interpret the poor sounds he uttered, he dipped his finger in his blood, and wrote on the side of the car: 'Yes'.

"I was not sorry to have risked a few shells for being by that man's side."

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**THE OLD LADY'S SECRET**

An old lady who managed to retain an appearance much younger than her years, with a bright eye, and a smooth, healthful skin, although her age was over seventy, was asked how she contrived to retain her physical charm so long. This was her reply:

"I know how to forget disagreeable things.

"I tried to master the art of saying pleasant things.

"I did not expect too much of my friends.

"I kept my nerves well in hand and did not allow them to bore other people.

"I tried to find congenial any work I had to do.

"I retained the 'illusions' of my youth, and didn't believe 'every man a liar and every woman spiteful'."

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**PERSEVERANCE FINDS A WAY**

Far away in a small cottage in the Alps, there once lived a little boy who longed to draw and paint pictures of the valleys, trees, cows, sunsets, and wonderful mountains which surrounded him on every side. But the boy had no money at all, and his father, a poor mountaineer, was quite unable to spend anything on pencils, brushes, or paints.



"Come, father, come and look!" cried the boy one day, and following where he led, the good man stared with amazement to see a picture on the wall of his white cottage.

"By boy," he asked, "did you draw that? Where did you get the colors?"

Determined to do his best with the materials at hand, the boy had industriously collected flowers, and crushed them to obtain their beautiful tints. After that, the side of the little cottage was covered with all sorts of lovely pictures, and the boy grew to be the world-famed artist, Titian.

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### PREVENTIVES

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The Sacraments are the great preventives of sin. St. Philip Neri, it is said, had a penitent who came to him again and again with a sin of which he had a habit, and at last, in tears, told the saint that he despaired of conquering it.

"It is simply impossible!"

"Did you ever," asked St. Philip, "commit this sin on the day of your Communion?"

"No; as far as I remember, not," said the man.

"Then," said the saint, "communicate every day."

He did so and the habit was broken.

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### A RELIGION TO DIE IN

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Stephen H. Horgan is a Southerner who finds much philosophy in the colored brother. He tells of a colored man who was a sailor on a United States transport bound for France, and who was taken seriously ill. The doctor found him to be a Catholic, so the Catholic chaplain was sent for to learn this.

"You look pretty sick, Sam," said the chaplain.

"Well, Cap, I certainly does feel mighty disagreeable."

"The doctor tells me you are a Catholic."

"Well, Cap, it's dis way, I was baptised a Cat'lic, an' if I's gwine to die, I wants to die a Cat'lic, but if I's gwine to live I don't want no 'ligion."

"And," Mr. Horgan adds, "is not that the way the world is living?"

### THE GREATEST SATISFACTION

The "*Life and Letters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton*" shows that the great Catholic patriot bore a larger part in the founding of our Republic than historians commonly credit him with.

But I wish to call attention here to one thing. Great as were his services to our Country, he was always a profoundly religious man. The words he spoke, a few days before his death, to the eminent Father Pise, reveal this phase of his character:

"I have lived to my ninety-sixth year; I have enjoyed continued health; I have been blessed with great wealth, prosperity, and most of the good things which the world can bestow—public approbation, esteem, applause; but what I now look back on with the greatest satisfaction to myself is, that I have practised the duties of my Religion."

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### AND THEY SLUNK AWAY

Some years ago, a party of Indians in Maine, descendants of the old Abenakis, were engaged in a lawsuit with some white people about the possession of a cove on the island which the whites disputed. The claim of the Indians depended principally on one old chief, and so the lawyers determined to entrap him.

"You know all about this grant?" they asked him.

Looking around with the greatest calmness, the Indian replied very slowly:

"Ye-e-s."

"Did anyone," the lawyer asked quickly, "talk to you about it before you came into court?"

"Ye-e-s," replied the old chief with even more deliberation.

"Did the priest?" again queried the somewhat bigotted lawyer, feeling that he had found a good clue.

"Ye-e-s," answered the Indian with perfect simplicity.

"Did he tell you what to say?" was the next question.

"Ye-e-s."

There, that was damning; the lawyer sat up, and asked loudly, so that all might hear the intriguing of the priest:

"What did he tell you?"

"He told me—," then the old chieftain paused—"he told me to tell the truth."

	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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**A WORKINGMAN**

Highest in heaven, with no one between himself and God, except the Blessed Virgin Mary—is St. Joseph. Our Catholic teaching assures us of this—and this is one of the thousands of little things that shows better than fanfare or Associated Press Headlines, that the Church is the church of the workingman.

She has had as subjects kings and queens, princes and rulers; she has had presidents and statesmen, soldiers and scholars; and wherever he has found holiness of life and fidelity to duty she has glorified it and placed it on a pedestal for our encouragement and direction.

But above all is St. Joseph, the father of the family, the carpenter earning his living in the sweat of his brow, the man who will ever be pictured with a workingman's clothes and a workingman's tools and hardened hands. These are the symbols of the new royalty.

He was a just man:—that is, every obligation was fully and perfectly fulfilled. There is your model.

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**BACK UP THE PRESIDENT**

Somebody says that, during one of the early meetings of the Peace Conference, while the representatives were insisting on the territory which their respective nations had to annex in order to get a square deal, President Wilson protested against the spirit that seemed to be at the bottom of all this and that he used the ugly word "loot". Our esteem for the President went up several points since he employed that expressive word. It is a great pity that it cannot be adequately translated into Italian and French and Czech and Japanese and all the other tongues of this polyglot assembly. We even question whether our Anglo-Saxon neighbors across the pond will be quick to comprehend it in all its picturesque significance. It proves however that our classic-tongued President does his thinking in idiomatic "American".

After waging and winning, at untold cost in treasure, in blood, and in suffering, a war for the rights of the oppressed, when the nations meet with the high purpose of concluding a just and lasting peace, it would ill become that august assembly to degenerate into a gang squab-

bling over the loot. America can speak out plainly, for she wants none of it. And thank God that we have a man to represent us there who has the courage to say the ugly word when the occasion warrants it!

Remember he has no easy task. He cannot dictate terms to the allies as though we were after defeating them. (Some of his critics seem to forget this.) He has given proof that he means to strain every nerve to see that justice is done. His success will be measured by our support. Amidst the conflicting claims of the Peace Conference, let right have its champion in a fearless President solidly backed by a free people. Those who opposed his going to Paris already see what a sorry group the Peace Conference would have been without him.

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### GOOD WILL

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It would certainly be a dreadful crime if early in the morning, a person of his own free will, would make the intention and have the desire to take part in all the evil to be done in the course of the day throughout the world. To desire the evil done by others and to consent thereto, is in itself evil and sinful.

Now, it is precisely the same with what is good. If you make the intention in the morning and would desire that you could assist personally at all the Holy Masses that will be celebrated during the day—if you offer them to God to adore, praise, thank and supplicate Him, and render Him atonement, God accepts your good will and is pleased with it, and you will have a share in these Holy Masses.

As you can receive Holy Communion spiritually, so you can also spiritually assist in celebrating Mass, if you are justly prevented from doing so in reality.

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### CANDLES AND HATS

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Lighting a tallow candle and sticking it on a stand has, in itself, no particular interest to a saint of God. But, in itself, neither has the extracting of your head from your hat any particular interest to the lady coming towards you from the opposite direction on the sidewalk. Social etiquette however has decreed that this handling of your head-gear should be regarded as a mark of respect to the lady you meet, and in like manner religious etiquette makes the burning of a candle before a statue a mark of devotion towards the saint. Still there is one strik-

ing difference between the two acts; The lady does not know the sentiments in your heart, while, through divine manifestation, the saint does. Lifting your hat honors the lady even though in your heart you despise her; burning the candle gives little pleasure to the saint unless you love God or at least honestly desire the grace to do so.

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### DODGING HIGH MASS

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We boast not a little about the loyalty of American Catholics to their faith. There is however a scandal universal throughout the country which speaks ill for our Catholicity, that is, the meager number present at High Mass on Sunday. If one of the Sunday morning services happens to be overcrowded, change it to a High Mass, and straightway the church will be full of empty pews. Catholics who have such a dread of being present while God's praises are sung, will be ill at ease in heaven where the praises of God are sung for all eternity.

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### THE PRICE OF LIBERTY

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The war for liberty is won, but that does not mean that free men can idly fold their hands and let liberty shift for itself. It has been well said that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The enemy's power has been destroyed, but greed has not been destroyed, nor bigotry nor intrigue nor ambition. It little boots a man to be called free if he is robbed of his dearest and most sacred rights under the hypocritical guise of a government by the people. The "people" are, and always will be, made up of the good and the wicked, the honest and the dishonest, the patriots and the slackers. The good, the honest, and the patriotic will always be in the majority, but their majority will avail them no more than their right of suffrage if they take no intelligent interest in making and enforcing the laws but leave the government in the hands of profiteers and bigots.

From fifty to seventy thousand of the best and bravest of the sons of America died while serving with the colors. While the country rejoices, from fifty to seventy thousand American homes are in mourning. The cry of anguish from these desolate homes will rise to heaven in accusation against us if we neglect to preserve and make fruitful the liberty so dearly bought. It is the duty of every voter in a democracy

to vote at caucus, primary, and election and to know what and whom he is voting for.

When the returns were in after the last election, the voters of a district almost entirely white were horrified to find that they had sent to the legislature a negro. They protested that they did not know the man they voted for was colored. Voters who take so little pains to know the candidate in whose favor they use the sacred right of suffrage deserve to be ruled by a negro—or for that matter by Turk, a Hottentot or anybody else that chooses to take the office.

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### A LOSING BARGAIN

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The Bolshevik platform grants universal suffrage to all men and women—with a few exceptions. One notable exception is: "No clergyman may vote or be voted for". Bolshevism, Socialism, and anarchy have always been bitter opponents of the Church, because, as they say, the Church exhorts her children to bear patiently with the miseries of this life in the sure hope of happiness in the life to come.

What a grand tribute to the Church is this from her inveterate enemies! What scant comfort they can offer to a suffering world in exchange for the hope of future blessedness!

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### HELP

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Appeals for help will continue to come thick and fast. Many a long month will drag by before the misery and destitution caused by the war will be entirely relieved, and so long as extreme misery and destitution continues, Christians are bound—not merely counselled, but strictly bound—to stint themselves in order to relieve it. While we know a neighbor in extreme need, we are forbidden by the law of God to withhold from him the price of our own comforts. But remember that not every relief movement, that makes its appeal the loudest through press and poster, is Christian. Many of them look only to supplying physical needs and overlook the far more serious spiritual needs—some even abuse the money they have collected to do hurt to immortal souls. It may rarely be malice, but at best it is ignorance, the ignorance that is ever found where Faith is not the guide and norm. When you give—and give you must—to relieve the suffering millions throughout the world, give where you know your gift will be best utilized for both

body and soul. Give to the Propagation of the Faith; give to the Catholic charities recommended by your pastor and your bishop; give above all to the common father of the poor, the Pope. Every cry of anguish in the world reaches his father-heart there in the lonely prison of the Vatican, and every penny placed at his disposal is sure to be expended where it is most needed and will do most good.

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### WHAT DID IT?

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What a pleasure to meet our clean, straight boys back from the service, with their honest frankness and strong simple faith! They do not say that the dangers of sin were removed by the stringent military regulations. On the contrary, they declare that these temptations were terrible and everywhere present. "But, Father," they say, "we went to Mass and Communion whenever we could and tried to lead decent lives."

Here is one more proof of the fact that laws and regulations cannot make people good. Belief in God's religion, a well-formed conscience, and a careful use of the means of grace are the only things that can do it. "Lead us not into temptation," is more efficacious when addressed to Our Father in Heaven than when directed to the Conscript Fathers in the Capitol.

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### CALVES

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It is many, many years since the Israelites set up a golden calf and called it a god and cut capers around it and made fools of themselves generally, but the hankering after false gods has by no means been purged out of the human race even at this late day. The calf around which it is the vogue to dance just now is called the State. Now, be it known, we are not Bolsheviki—we don't propose to boost a Red raid on Washington or any other capital. Every people should have a government. They should respect and obey it, and it should do its duty, which consists principally in enabling each individual and each family to attain the goal ordained by the Creator, free from unjust interferences on the part of other individuals and other families.

However, to act as though the State were God and to try to give it powers that belong to God, that is dancing attendance to a dumb calf. To speak of the State as some sort of super-intelligent being is



rot. The State has no existence except in the person of Jones the alderman and Jiggs the senator. You would never think of inviting Jones and Jiggs to come into your home and dictate to you and take charge of your wife and children. Even if they were the best men in the world you feel that this is your business, not theirs, and that they cannot possibly have the same intelligent interest in these matters that you have. Often too you are far from considering them the best men in the world; you consider them just ordinary ward or state politicians who are in the job for what they can get out of it. Then do not empower the State to educate the child, to invade the home, to regulate the private conduct of the individual. For if you do, the Joneses and the Jiggses will come backed by the police (Joneses and Jiggses too), usurp your rights as an individual and as head of your own household, dictate to you and take charge of your wife and children. The State has already been given authority enough and more than enough. It is high time that parents and individuals take stock of the authority God has given them for their own private concerns and that they use it.

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### WAY OF THE CROSS

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Whoever would have proof convincing that there still exists in this unhappy world faith and trust in God, tender love for the Redeemer, and sincere sorrow for the sins that caused His passion and death, should note the crowds which throng our churches to assist at the Lenten devotions of the Way of the Cross. There is no sermon to draw them, there is no obligation to force them, yet they are there. They pack the churches to the doors and listen in awed silence while the priest passes from station to station announcing each successive step of the Saviour's bitter journey: First Station—Jesus is condemned to death, Second Station—Jesus receives His cross, Third Station—Jesus falls for the first time, Fourth Station—Jesus meets His sorrowing Mother, and so on to the end. Their good dispositions are further evinced by their predilection for the simple formula of St. Alphonsus Liguori which repeats at each station the few short sentences that contain the sum and substance of Christian perfection: "I love Thee, Jesus my love, with my whole heart. I grieve for having so often offended Thee. Never permit me to offend Thee again. Grant that I may love Thee always, and then do with me what Thou wilt."

## INFLUENZA

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Our wonderfully efficient secret service force scoured the land, yet could not apprehend nor stay the stealthy foe. Heavily armed guards surrounded camp and cantonment, yet could not bar his entrance. In one day he inflicted more casualties upon our best soldiers and sailors than the German guns in weeks. Nurses rushed from the cot of one dying man to another. All the safeguards that human prudence could suggest, all that money could buy, all that medical science could discover, was tried in vain. Patriot and statesman and commandant turned sick at heart as the flower of America's young manhood was stricken and the endless line of coffins issued from the barracks. Many a one who had never before acknowledged a higher Power ruling the affairs of men, dropped his proud head and murmured: "Lord, have mercy on us!"

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St. Joseph, the Patron of this month, spent his days sawing boards, hammering nails, trying to satisfy crabbed customers, and collect overdue bills. A common and sordid occupation it seems indeed, yet it made him one of the greatest saints in heaven because he did it all for Jesus and Mary.

Don't grumble about the drudgery of your job. Do it for Jesus and Mary, and straightway it becomes the greatest achievement within the power of mortal man.

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A man's pride will not let him concede that he was worsted in a horse trade. The one he got may be spavined, but he consoles himself with the thought that the one he exchanged for it was broken-winded. His new acquisition may balk at the plow, but it is a spanking roadster. He keeps on doggedly rehearsing the critter's good qualities until he convinces himself that he got the best end of the bargain.

Why can't he look in the same way upon his matrimonial deal. True, he did not get an angel, but neither did he give one in exchange.

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Remember that when you are in the right you can afford to keep your temper, and that when you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose it.

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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The Holy Father has recently made the following appointments to vacant sees:

Rt. Rev. Austin Dowling, Bishop of Des Moines, Iowa, to the archdiocese of St. Paul in succession to the late Archbishop Ireland. He was born in New York, about fifty-one years ago. Ordained in 1891, he was for a while Professor of Church History and Scripture, editor of the Providence (R. I.) Visitor, and parish priest. In 1911, when Des Moines was made a Bishopric, he was named its first Bishop.

Father Edmund F. Gibbons, for three years Pastor of St. Teresa's Church, Buffalo, N. Y., to the bishopric of Albany. Educated at Rome, he became superintendent of parochial schools in Buffalo. He is forty-five years old.

Rev. Wm. A. Hickey to be coadjutor to the Bishop of Providence. The Bishop of Providence lost two coadjutors within the last four years.

Rev. Wm. Turner, professor of the Catholic University, in Washington, D. C., to become Bishop of Buffalo. Born in Ireland, he was educated there and in Rome; became professor of Philosophy at St. Thomas' Seminary, St. Paul, Minn., and in 1906 Professor at the Catholic University of America. At Rome he was a classmate of Bishop-elect Gibbons.

Bishop Edward D. Kelly, till now coadjutor to the Bishop of Detroit, has been nominated to the see of Grand Rapids, Mich.

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Charles L. Barry, the only Catholic Member of the Indianapolis Board of School Commissioners, was "disqualified" lately, for the Presidency of the Board. It is an amusing story—bigotry, when its secret machinations are revealed, is always so amusing—so pitifully amusing.

Two members came to him and declared "they were for him for president". But a few days later they said they were no longer for him. Why not? Because he was a Catholic and the local committee of some organization had come to them and told them they must not be for Mr. Barry because he was a Catholic.

At the next meeting Mr. Barry apologized for being a Catholic? Far from it. He told an astonished Board what an honor it was to be a Catholic with 35 per cent of our army, 40 per cent of our navy, and 50 per cent of our marines; with Admiral Benson and Gen. Kernan; with Foch and Mangin and many more.

\* \* \*

In several cities of Brazil the image of our crucified Saviour was solemnly placed in the court of the Grand Jury. In San Paolo, a concourse of 30,000 persons, enthroned the crucifix to preside in all courts of justice. Archbishop Manuel Gomes is offered the governorship of the state of Fortaleza. The state of Matto Grosso already has confided its government to a Bishop.

The Holy Father addressed to the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne and the German Episcopate, a letter of commendation for the brave stand they are taking in defense of their rights and for the maintenance of their schools.

\* \* \*

The National Catholic War Council has drawn up a very thorough and practical program for reconstruction work, including methods for re-employment of returned soldiers, farm-colonies; womens work; and other problems which we shall have to face in the coming years, and which will involve Catholic interests.

\* \* \*

President Massaryk of the new Czecho-Slovak Republic, is a renegade from the Catholic Church, and is inspired by a mixture of Protestantism and occultism. Monsignor Hüyn, the Bishop of Prague, is a prisoner in his palace, and the national feast of St. John Nepomuk, the martyr of the seal of Confession, is abolished and replaced by that of John Huss, a heretic. Several religious congregations are broken up, sisters driven out, and religious interned.

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Bills affecting parochial schools have been introduced into various state legislatures. In Nebraska they are seeking the repeal of the clause in the compulsory education law which reads: "that attendance at a parochial or private school shall be legally considered equivalent to attendance at a public school." Another law provides for the taxation of church property more than 150 by 200 feet, unless all buildings thereon are under one roof. The bill is so worded that it would leave all Protestant church property untaxed, while it would strike all Catholic churches that maintain schools. Another law aims at forcing upon all schools alike the text-books used in the public schools from which every mention of God or religion is scrupulously expunged.

In Iowa, all foreign languages are to be prohibited, not only in the schools but also in divine worship. This would prohibit Latin at Mass!

In the Ohio Legislature, the goat is religious instruction. None is to be given during school hours. The children who wish such a side-branch (1) are to be penalized and must take it after school hours. You know how you and I used to hate staying after school!

Take into account the recent abortive attempts in Florida, Georgia, Kansas, and Michigan, and you will easily see that the school to which you are sending your children, confident that they are receiving a good Catholic education, is not safe.

Why not? Perhaps,—because there are so *FEW* Catholics in the army, and so *many* in politics!

\* \* \*

A more sweeping and dastardly attack on our rights in education is the Hoke Smith Bill, the result of which will be to make education a plaything of politics, and to take education out of the hands of all those who do not believe in the infallibility of the Secretary of Education.

Word has come that the religious persecution in Mexico is abating. Several Bishops have been called back to their dioceses and were given a warm welcome by their people.

\* \* \*

The sacred college of Cardinals now contains sixty members, ten less than its ordinary number. Of these 39 are Italians and 29 foreigners. Of these Cardinal Gibbons is the only one who attended the Vatican Council.

\* \* \*

Monsignor Marengo, sent by the Holy Father as his internuncio to Nicaragua, was solemnly received by that government. The President himself made the address of welcome.

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The Prohibition Amendment has practically been slipped over us like a nightcap over a sleeping pup. Now the W. C. T. U. and some learned university professors from Syracuse, N. Y., are starting a nation wide movement for a federal amendment prohibiting tobacco. Girls—be careful—rouge is next!

\* \* \*

The Pastors' Federation, a protestant organization in Washington, D. C., had a count made on two recent Sunday nights of the attendance at forty-seven Protestant Churches and thirty-five theaters. The totals reported were, 15,000 at the churches and 38,000 at the theaters. As a result, they intend to have a *law* made to close theaters on Sunday.

\* \* \*

Every Chinese in the Canal Zone (Panama), where the Rev. Geo. Caruana is chaplain, received Holy Communion on Christmas morning at the Mass which was celebrated in the open. Electric lights were strung about the place. The players of the regimental band took their position at the Gospel side, while the choir occupied the Epistle side. The Catholic soldiers and the laborers—negro and Chinese—surrounded the altar.

\* \* \*

The Prince of Wales wishes to marry. He chose the Princess Yolande of Italy, a Catholic Princess. Now the papers of England are incensed. Let the Prince break every precedent in marrying out of royal lineage, they say; let him marry an American or an English girl or anybody, for all that; but not a Catholic!

\* \* \*

After 34 years of service in the leper colony on the Island of Molokai, in the southern Pacific, Sister M. Leopoldina, of the Franciscan Order, is on a vacation trip in this country. She expects to return to her leper charges in a few months, and spend the remainder of her life there.

For fifteen years after her arrival she had never left the leper colony; then she went to Honolulu to a dentist. Once more, after 4 years, she made the same trip, and since that time has never been away from the lepers.

## The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

*When Catholics have obtained a dispensation to marry during Advent, should the ceremony take place in church?*

Yes, and in the parish church. Ordinarily the solemn nuptial blessing may not be given during Lent and Advent. It should not be omitted, however. When the closed season is past, the couple should make arrangements with the parish priest for the reception of the blessing. Should they foresee, however, at the time of the marriage that this would cause grave inconvenience, the Bishop could also give permission for the nuptial blessing at the time of marriage.

*I think the Litany of the Blessed Virgin a beautiful prayer; but I find in it some titles addressed to her, which I do not understand, for instance: "Vessel of honor" and "Vessel of singular devotion". What do these mean?*

These titles have a Scriptural foundation, and similar titles were applied to Our Blessed Lady by the Fathers of the Church from the beginning. In Scripture God is frequently compared to the potter who can make of his clay what he chooses (compare Rom. IX, 21: Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump, to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?). So God selected St. Paul and made him a saint, whence he is called a "Vessel of election"; of the Bl. Virgin God made the Queen of Saints and Mother of His own Son according to His humanity,—the highest honor that could be conferred on any child of man. Hence she is above all,—"the Vessel of Honor".

The title may also refer to the vessels in which, in the Old Testament, the blood of the sacrifices was received, in order to be offered to God. Thus in Mary, was conceived of the Holy Ghost, the victim of the sacrifice of Calvary.

"*Vessel of singular devotion*," may refer to the spirit of prayer with which her heart was filled as with precious ointment; but judging from the manner in which the title is used by the early Fathers; it would seem to refer

again to her divine maternity and would seem to mean: Mary had but one Son, Jesus, to whom she was consecrated by the heavenly Father through the Holy Spirit, and her Maker, so to say, devoted the riches of His Divine Power to make her a fitting mother for His Son. Probably it also refers to the undivided devotion with which she gave herself to her Divine Son.

*I asked our pastor to say a Requiem High Mass on a certain day, and he said he could not because the rubrics did not allow it. And on the same day the assistant priest said a Requiem for another family. Now what is wrong? Are not the rubrics the same for all priests?*

Your rash judgment is wrong. There are many reasons why a Requiem High Mass according to a certain intention could not be offered on a certain day, whereas for a different intention it could. For example, a Requiem High Mass could be said on the third, seventh or thirtieth day after the death or burial, as also on the anniversary, when the rubrics would forbid a different Requiem Mass. In future, think more charitably of your parish priest.

*In Confession, when our sins are forgiven, the priest imposes a penance; now, in Baptism sins are also forgiven and no penance is imposed; why is this difference?*

In Baptism, Christ wished that as a favor to those who first enter the Church, come in contact with Him for the first time and thus receive their first chance of salvation, should receive complete remission of their sins and of all the punishment due to them. The sins committed before this are not so grievous.

But after we have once received the inestimable blessing of Baptism, have become children of God and sharers of all the blessings of His church, then, if we offend Him again, our responsibility is greater, and then, He pardons us our sins, it is true, but not always all the punishment due for them.

A little example may make the reasonableness of this clear to you. Let



us say your child, by disobedience in a serious matter, grieves you sorely. You tell the child: "You have really pained me by your conduct; now go to bed without your supper; it will teach you a lesson". The boy has hardly gotten halfway to his room, when he returns. Sorrow is evident on his face, as he asks for forgiveness. It disarms all your displeasure and you would press him to your heart. But, you realize that the boy has been acting this way repeatedly; you see that he is forming a bad habit. What do you do? You gladly pardon the fault and show him that all displeasure has left you; but to cure the bad habit of the child, you insist on his taking supper apart and on doing without some sweets. There you have it: remitting the fault, but still, in part, leaving the punishment deserved, and that for the purpose of curing the bad habit.

A similar thing takes place in confession.

*Are there any devotions to St. Joseph for the month of March which have been enriched with indulgences?*

Yes. Those who daily say some prayers or perform some act of virtue in his honor during March, can gain an indulgence of 300 days each day, and a plenary indulgence once on any day provided they receive the sacraments and pray for the intention of the Pope.

*Why is Mass said, and Communion given in the morning? Didn't Our Lord give Communion to the Apostles in the evening at the Last Supper?*

It is clear that, in itself, it is not a matter of prime importance whether Mass is said in the morning or in the evening. Our Lord gave it in the evening, because the Sacred Jewish rite, the occasion of which He chose for the institution of the Blessed Sacrament was celebrated in the evening, and because this was His last solemn night upon earth. But He made no law in regard to the time, except, implicitly that His Church should determine the most suitable time. Now the morning time, very soon after Our Lord's death, came to be used throughout the Church.

Many considerations may have influenced the choice, e. g., Our Lord rose on Easter morning; in the morning our minds are purer and freer from distractions; then we can more

easily go to Communion fasting; then we are ready for the day's temptations and burdens; thus many difficulties attendant on evening services, especially in the country, are obviated; and so on.

This change from morning to evening was made so early and so naturally that the historical traces of it disappear in the earliest years of the Church's existence.

*What particular devotions would you suggest for Lent?*

I would suggest the following: 1) Attend the Lenten services in the church according to your ability; 2) Frequent Communion and daily Mass as far as possible; 3) Some sacrifice of pleasure, using the money or time thus gained for some pious or charitable work; 4) Take some duty you are accustomed to perform negligently, or some ugly or sinful habit you have contracted and make daily efforts to improve in regard to it; 5) Think of the Passion of Our Lord and of the sorrows of Mary for a short time every day.

*I would like to attend Lenten devotions in our church; but, being sick, I cannot do so. Could I say the Way of the Cross at home?*

See that you get a crucifix blessed for this purpose; ask your pastor about it. Then, by saying 20 Our Father's and 20 Hail Mary's and Glory Be to Father's, while holding the cross in your hands, contemplating Our Saviour's sufferings, you can gain the indulgences of the Way of the Cross.

*What indulgences have been attached to the recitation of the Angelus?*

Those who recite the Angelus at least once daily, can gain a plenary indulgence once a month on any day they choose under the usual conditions, namely: Confession, Communion and prayers for the intention of the Holy Father. Besides a partial indulgence of 100 days can be gained each time the Angelus is said.

*I don't know whether I am well enough to keep the fast during Lent; what shall I do?*

Go to your confessor as soon as you can, state your case to him, and ask him what you are to do. Make these inquiries before Lent is half way over, and you will save yourself worry; you will be acting in a business like way, too.



	Some Good Books	
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*Letter to Catholic Priests*—Pius X. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price 45 cents. Postpaid 50 cents. A small little brochure neatly bound and filled with the unction and piety of His Holiness Pope Pius X of happy memory.

It is the letter written on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of the late Pope. As Cardinal Bourne says in the Preface: "It is the outpouring of the heart of a true priest fashioned to the likeness of his Master as Priest and Bishop and under the burden of the Supreme Pontificate." The letter is analyzed by page titles and altogether forms a handy and useful vade mecum for all members of the clergy.

*Richard Baldock.* By Archibald Marshall. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

A striking story worthy of the author. It is one of Mr. Marshall's studies in character put into novel form. The moral and mental development of a boy is artfully delineated. There is the usual vein of love giving life and action to the story and the moralizing is so well done that it in no way detracts from the interest while adding so much to the value of the story.

*Essays in Occultism, Spiritism and Demonology,* by Dean W. R. Harris. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo. Price \$1.00.

This is a very interesting and readable volume on subjects, which recent events and developments during the war have brought before the public once more. He shows the vast difference between such wonders of bilocation, levitation and so on that occur in the lives of the saints, and similar effects produced in the seance. He gives the interpretation of both—the interpretation which Catholic theology and philosophy would support. It is well to notice that after his study he comes to the same conclusion that so many dispassionate investigators have reached in regard to spiritism. We have not yet proved that it is the spirits of our departed; we have not yet disproved that it is the work of the devil. Hence to dabble in spiritism is to invite physical and moral ruin on oneself.

*Life of Pius X,* by F. A. Forbes. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. \$1.25, pp. \$1.35.

We cannot but welcome this charming little life of our late Holy Father Pope Pius X. The author has indeed drawn a true, worthy and admirable picture of the saintly Pontiff. His lovable nature, gentle spirit, unbounded kindness won all Christendom for himself, and brought countless souls to God.

In his deep humility he shunned all pomp and splendor. But his keen intellect, practical judgment, and firm character could not be concealed, and consequently thrust upon him the eminent and responsible positions of Pastor, Canon and Bishop, Patriarch, and lastly the supreme office of successor of St. Peter.

From his cradle to the crypt of St. Peter's, the author traces his noble actions, and shows us how persistently and successfully he carried out his motto, "the restoring of all things in Christ". How step by step he achieved this holy ambition, realized his long cherished hopes, attributing all to God, and esteeming himself a useless instrument.

His first step was seen in his efforts to revive the Gregorian Chant in the celebration of the most holy mysteries. Then, the fearlessness with which he denounced the Masonic order in France and exonerated the Church; the manner in which he exposed Modernism, forcing its abettors into silence; his great love for the Holy Eucharist, seen in his wish that little children should receive; his untiring efforts to form a learned, zealous and pious priesthood; his sincere love of the poor and of peace; all these were successive and most successful endeavors of Pius X.

The many wonders he performed attest his truest holiness; the grand achievements manifest his wonderful abilities, and we can understand the sentiments of an Italian prelate who wrote on the death of Pope Pius X, "The whitest soul in this blood-stained, tempest-torn world has left us".

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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He—Most girls, I have found, don't appreciate real music.

Second He—Why do you say that?

He—Well, you may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour and she don't even look out of the window, but just one honk of a horn and—out she comes!

Mrs. Jones—My husband is the light of my life.

Mrs. Smith—So is mine. One of the kind that smokes and goes out at night.

He had long hair and a pensive look. He wrote a poem, entitled, "Why Do I Live?" He signed it "Charley Anthony," and sent it to a magazine. The editor wrote him as follows:

"My dear Charles Anthony: The reason why you live is because you sent the poem by mail."

A very bald-headed man went into a barbershop and plumping himself down in the chair, said: "Hair cut!"

The barber looked at him a moment and replied: "Why, man, you don't need no hair cut—what you want is a shine."

Boarder—Two rats are fighting in my room.

Landlady—What did you want; a bull-fight for 50 cents a night?

"Oh!" exclaimed the suffragette fervently, "if the Lord had only made me a man."

"Perhaps he did, dear," said the widow soothingly, "but you just have not found him yet."

Captain (sharply)—Button up that coat!

Married Recruit (absently)—Yes, my dear.

In the spelling list for a class in a certain Indianapolis school were the words singing and singeing. The class was asked to write sentences using these words to show that they knew the correct meaning of each. One little fellow, Robert, wrote:

"The Italians are a singing nation."

"The Allies will soon be singeing the beard of the Kaiser."

With sideward glances he watched his teacher mark his paper and timidly asked:

"Is it all right?"

"Yes," she said, "but the Kaiser has no beard; he has a mustache."

"I know, but I wanted 100 on my paper, and I couldn't spell mustache."

A party of strangers was visiting at the college. It was in the late autumn and the air was crisp and cold. One of the members of the party, a charming young woman, was escorted through the grounds by a learned but absent-minded professor. Suddenly two members of the track team, dressed for their sport, passed.

"It's dreadfully cold," remarked the young woman as she gazed after the runners, "to be without stockings."

The professor's mind, deep in the contemplation of the fourth dimension, was attracted by the sound of the girl's voice.

"Then why," he asked absently, "did you leave them off?"

Mother: "Oh, Mary, why do you wipe your mouth with the back of your hand?"

Mary: "Cos it's so much cleaner than the front."

Tommy's uncle asked him the name of May's young man.

"I call him April Showers," replied Tommy.

"April Showers?" cried his astonished uncle. "Whatever makes you call him such a ridiculous name as that?"

"Because he brings May flowers," Tommy explained.

Shopper: Do you keep stationery?

Floor-walker: No, madam; if I did I'd lose my job.

"Waiter!" called a diner, at a local club, "come here at once! Here's a hook and eye in this salad!"

"Yesseh, yesseh," said the waiter, grinning broadly. "Dat's a paht of de dressing, sah!"





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